

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 9, 1853.

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THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER,
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W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.
ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS per year, if paid in advance.—Two DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS if not paid within six months.—And THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctly limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until arrears are paid, or at the option of the Publisher. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash or reference to some one known to us.

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For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in advance.
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CANDIDATES.

For Sheriff.

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JAMES EDISON,
K. S. KEY,
J. H. BODIE,
W. W. QUATTLEBAM.

For Tax Collector.

PHILIP BOYD,
THOMAS B. REESE,
THEOPHILUS DEAN,
M. B. WHITTELL,
CHARLES CARTER.

For Ordinary.

H. T. WRIGHT,
JOHN W. SMITH,
W. F. DURISOE.

For Clerk.

PICKENS B. WEVER.

JOSEPH ABNEY.
WILL be found at all times in his Office, at Edgefield Court House, near the Planter's Hotel.
He will attend promptly and strictly to business in his profession.

THOMAS G. KEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Has removed his Office to the Rooms over the Store of Mr. B. C. BAYAN.

Operations on the Teeth,
BY **HORACE PARKER.**
Address Edgefield C. H., or Sleepy Creek.
P. O. S. C. H. 1852.

YOUNG LADIES
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Rev. N. ALDRICH, Principal.
MR. STUCKLER, Prof. of Music, French, &c.
Mrs. J. MCCLINTOCK, Teacher of Primary Department.

THE TEACHERS of this Academy gratefully acknowledge the liberal patronage they have enjoyed for the past year. They exceedingly regret that the inconvenience of their Rooms has hitherto afforded them no opportunity for a public examination of their Scholars. It is with pleasure, however, they announce the speedy erection of a large and convenient building. A suitable lot has already been purchased and arrangements are in progress for the immediate commencement of the building which will be hastened to completion. The School will then be furnished with all the necessary apparatus for facilitating the Scholars in the various Departments of Study, and the public are assured that no pains will be spared to place the School on an equal footing with any in the State.

The exercises of the School will be resumed on **MONDAY, January 3d.**
Terms of Tuition the same as formerly.
It is desirable that the Scholars begin with the opening of the Session, particularly such as intend to commence the high branch of study.

The Teachers hold themselves in readiness to accommodate the Scholars with Board at the usual prices, \$1.00 per month.

Dec 29 1f 50

Abbey Green Female Institute

By Miss Sophia Chapin.

THIS Institution is located seven miles North of Edgefield C. H., and within sight of Elton P. O. It is situated in a remarkably healthy portion of the District, and convenient to an excellent Spring. The building is entirely new, large and commodious.

The Instruction, Miss CHAPIN, has the reputation of being an experienced and talented Teacher. The Elementary, and all the higher branches of English, together with Latin and French are taught. Terms of Session of five months for all branches except Music, &c. &c. \$10.00

Musical, including use of Piano, &c. &c. 25.00
Good Board can be obtained in the neighborhood at \$7. per Month. For further information, if desired, apply to either of the undersigned.

S. W. NICHOLSON,
JOSEPH ADAMS.

Oct 28 4m 41

Bethany Academy.

THE Exercises of this Institution will be resumed on Monday 31st January, 1853.
The Rates, Rates of Tuition, &c., are the same as last year. Any information respecting the School, Board, &c., can be obtained by addressing the subscriber through Longmire's Post Office, Edgefield District.

GEO. GALPIN, PRINCIPAL.

Jan 12 52 6t

Blankets.

GRAY BROTHERS, have on hand a large assortment of BLANKETS, of various kinds. Especially some of the finest Saxony Wool fine finished, imported. With a large assortment of Lower Grades and Plantation Blankets, which we are selling cheap.

Nov 17 1f 41

Flour.

80 BAGS Augusta Canal FLOUR, for sale low by E. HODGES, AGENT.

Hamburg, Nov 29 1f 46

Tan Yard.

HIDES will be received at the Tan Yard from this date, to R. T. MIMS.

Oct 6, 1852. 1f 38

Select Poetry.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale are around and above, if thy footing should fail, if thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart, "Look aloft!" and be firm and be fearless of fear.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, with a tear for each joy, and a tear for each woe, should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,

"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brightens to fly, then turn, and through tears of repentant regret, "Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.

Should thy who are dearest—the son of thy heart: The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,

"Look aloft!" a sight that beggars all dole and tears, To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh, when death comes in his terrors to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past,

In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft!" and depart

Miscellaneous.

From the Olive Branch.

THE BRIDAL WINE ("LAS").

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bride. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convalescent, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming breaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass to her lips, and was fixatingly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will point it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge—

There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire. One friend stands beside him—may I, I should say kneels; for, see, he is following that poor head upon his breast.

Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death snare him, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembled in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! but fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister,—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His hand sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so uncharitably her look, so inspired her manner—that what she described, seemed actually to have taken place and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips

quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; and there they scowled him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"no, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously very wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared—

Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not fiercer are the everlasting lips than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dyi' g form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will I, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not, my husband?"

His glittering eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once, and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made—many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

M. A. D.

SOCIAL MANNERS IN AMERICA.

HINTS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The New York Post has been permitted to print a few extracts from an unpublished manuscript on social manners in this country, from which we take the following hints to ladies and gentlemen:

When you hear a man insisting upon points of etiquette and fashion; wondering, for instance, how people can eat with steel forks and survive it, or what charms existence has for persons who dine at three without soup and fish, be sure that that individual is a snob. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the table cloth is not the place to put your salt. Bread is the only comestible which the custom of well-bred people permits to be laid off from your plate.

If you break a vase, or statuette, or any little elegant knick-knack in the house of an acquaintance, never mind it. Treat it as a matter of no consequence; even if you know that it wrings his pocket.

Always precede a lady in going up stairs. This maxim is a legacy from a maiden aunt. When you enter a public room the French practice of raising the hat, as a general salutation, is much to be commended.

Never ask your wife to sing for a friend. Ten to one he detests vocal music, unless of the highest order. Show, but do not show off, your children to strangers. Recollect in the matter of children how many are born every hour, each one almost as remarkable as yours in the eyes of its papa and mamma.

It is hard to say which has the most clownish appearance; to move the lips in silent reading; or to wet the finger in turning over the leaves of the book.

Do not go to an evening party in black gloves even if you have lost a relation. If your feelings are too deeply lacerated for yellow kids, stay at home.

Keep your nails cut short. None but barbers boys and blacklegs are entitled to the distinction of a long Chinese talon. When presented, never offer your hand; if offered to you on such an occasion, touch it slightly. When you meet a friend in a public place, do not shout his name so that every bystander may know who he is. Never ask a friend the price of a thing he has bought, nor praise things by their prices.

Cultivate the good will of weak-minded talkative people. They will be as useful as the parrots of Aesop. He taught his birds to repeat "Ap ethus is a god," and let them fly. Your unfeathered birds can be taught by a little kindness and attention, and taught without pains, to proclaim in house and highway, "Blank is an excellent fellow." If this is said often enough, no matter by whom, some one is sure to believe it.

Moderation is the best general rule for conduct in social life. Moderation in manners, moderation in language, moderation in dress, moderation in feeling, moderation in everything but personal neatness. With these, a kind and yielding spirit, and a decent share of self-respect, a man can guide smoothly through the world, if not pleasantly. One last counsel—a hard one to follow—learn to grow old gracefully.

SAVE YOUR EARNINGS.—The practice which apprentices, clerks, and others have, of spending their earnings as fast as they accumulate, is one great reason why so many never attain a position above mediocrity in life. A person who receives but a small compensation for his services, will, with a little care over his exchequer, and a system of regularity in his expenditures, find at the end of the year he is prepared to encounter any emergency or misadventure. But, as a general thing, they manage to get rid of their earnings quite as quick as they are due, thus leaving them wholly unprepared for emergencies, by sickness or otherwise. A system of curtailing unnecessary expenses, if adopted by our younger folks, would bring around the most happy and gratifying results, and be the means of raising to eminence and standing in society, many who now have contracted the habit of parting with their earnings so readily and foolishly—for the habit of keeping continually in debt, begets indifference and dissipation, a

lack of self-respect, and an utter disregard for future prospects. The real cause for a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of a foolish expenditure of money in earlier days.—Albany Transcript.

AN AWFUL LAZY CASE.

"I want to know," bawled old Speargrass, "if that boy hasn't got through them 'taters yet?"

"Shakes alive!" responded the old woman, "you'd better be looking arter that Jahz; here it's night, and he hasn't been and brought a single bucket of 'taters from the field this blessed day."

"Tew bad," continued the old gentleman, "I bet he hasn't dug a bushel of taters this day, and I strictly charged him to be spry, and dig and carry in ten bushels before sundown, or I'd give him the alfredest wallopin' he ever had in his born days."

With this piece of eloquence burning on his lips, Speargrass took down a wattle, and started for the potato field. There stood Jahz, a great lolly of a slab-sided dole-looking whelp, digging for dear life, as though he was afraid dark would catch him before he got the last potato out of the g mound.

"Why on airth," bawled the old man, "aint you been and brought in those 'taters?—where are they? how many bushels have you dug?"

"Wall, dad," responds the hopeful, trying to wipe the sweat from his brow, and straightening up his long, lazy body perpendicular with the shovel handle, "I have been tuck-in' away like sin all this afternoon, and—"

"Where are the taters?" bawled the old gentleman.

"Wall, dad, there's one! I was snakin' out another when you come, and soon as I rip 'tuther one out, there'll be just three on 'em, by hoo-ecakes and gingerbread!"

Old Spearmint went in lemons, and the way he cut loose with his tattle, and Jahz, out loose for home, was a fine illustration for the comic almanac.

HOW TO GET THE GIRLS MARRIED.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to marry her.

"You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

BE EMPLOYED.—Every man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energy of body and mind are rustling for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt honor.

An Exchange paper gives an account of a man living in Rhode Island whose cow had three calves at a birth Tuesday—whose mare foaled two colts on Wednesday—and whose wife gave birth to a pair of twins on Saturday. All the colts, calves and babies are doing well, and bid fair to be raised. The same man's hen hatched five chickens from four eggs last Spring.

As old Sawyer complained to a customer who had paid him a pewter dollar, for saving his wood.

"Out upon you, fellow! Have you no gratitude? You ought to be most thankful for the work without grumbling about the money."

A WESTERN EDITOR thus sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary:

He is too lazy to earn a meal and too mean to enjoy one. He never was generous but once and that was when he gave the lie to an apprentice boy. So much for his goodness of heart! Of his industry, he says the public may judge, when he states that the only time he worked was the day that he mistook castor oil for honey.

BACHELORS AND WIDOWERS.—A bill is pending in the Indiana legislature, to compel old bachelors of 30 years of age to marry, or pay \$50 a year into the county treasury, to go to the first lady who shall marry after the first of January. The provisions of the bill apply to widowers of one year's standing.

A LESSON TO LEARNERS.—When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant, of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was:

"Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest—it is civility."

SECRETS OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret in comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

"Certainly, my dear, anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride, and leads to repentance."

Scene closes with a mop-handle.

"SAX, why an lawyers like fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid dat subject."

"Why, kase dey an fond of debate."

The more tenderly and warmly one loves so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved.

There is nothing beautiful that is not true. There is nothing true that is not beautiful. It was in searching for beauty that truth was discovered.

The timid are never free.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The number for the first quarter has arrived, and presents a varied table of contents. The fifth article, on American Slavery and Emancipation by the Free States, is one to which we, and every other true Southern man, have a right and ought to object.

The effect which this article is calculated to have upon the minds of those already prejudiced against the institution is to strengthen and confirm that opposition. It is a subject with which we believe English authors, editors and statesmen have nothing to do. When it relates to the Southern States, it is an assumption of power which they ought not, and should not, presume to take, but it seems that the English people, as well as the Northern people, are determined to press the issue of this question upon the people of the South, until it will come either to a total emancipation of the slaves—a relinquishment of every right guaranteed in the Constitution under which we live, or a determination to maintain our rights under any, and at every sacrifice.

This article is a highly offensive one, and we do not hesitate to condemn it, and place the Westminster Review where it belongs, among the incendiary publications of the North, and as a fit companion for the evening fireside of Horace Mann, Garrison &c. Southern men have no business to patronize it, and Southern Editors who puff it ought to be indicted. It is true we have, in accordance with the terms proposed by Leonard Scott & Co., advertised the British Reviews, &c., in common with many of our brethren of the Press. And they have succeeded in obtaining a large amount of notoriety, which is all they want, and we have done what we ought not to have done, and shall not do again, and therefore shall cease our advertisements, and shall endeavor, so far as we can, to undo what we may have done towards assisting in the circulation of these outrageous publications, and now beg our friends, one and all, to cease their patronage to all and every publication of such ilk as the Westminster and Blackwood, &c.

We believe the doctrines they inculcate are highly injurious and dangerous to the peace and well-being of our own homes and firesides, and no man who is a man, should either countenance or support, sympathize with or approve of any publication which boldly asserts doctrines at variance with his own peace and interest. It is the part of folly, gross unpardonable error, for the people of the Southern States to give their money to the support of these periodicals.

Do not hesitate, unblushingly in the face of reason and justice to give publicity and circulation to falsehood and misrepresentation. Such language as this cannot fail to give the reader a pretty good general idea of the tenor of the article about which we are writing.

The South has lost its ablest champion in Calhoun, its ablest tactician in Clay; there will never again be a patriot with the purity and the genius of the one, who will believe that to keep the negro in chains is the destiny and duty of his country; nor a statesman with the keen penetrating intellect of the other, who will think that slavery can be propped up by protocols or parchments; and even now there come tidings of greater loss to the South than either Calhoun or Clay. Death has struck down that man of the North who, of all others, most kept back her pressure on the South. Massachusetts will send no second Webster to the Senate, to help with his iron will and eloquent voice the slave States to give laws to the free. Peace be to their memories. It seems to us that the one of them thought that evil was good, and the other that good should give place to evil; but it is not for us to question their thoughts for they are far away from our questionings, where there is no respect of races, where there is no "compromise" with truth, but where there is a "higher law."

"And now that they are gone, how stand the chances of the slave? Law and force are against him; art, eloquence, and genius are for him; and they will have a quick eye for the winning side."

This is a very moderate paragraph, and we have selected it out of many others, which are much more pointed and direct in their attack upon our rights. Now we ask, how can any honest man, who lives under the protection and blessings of southern law, swallow these notions, which are equal to inveterate poison, and directly opposed to the very spirit and matter of our laws? We might extend our notice to a much greater length, but it is unnecessary—if men who are interested will not be reasoned with, will not believe, neither will they hear—though one be sent from the dead!

We want nothing more to do with Leonard Scott & Co.'s British Periodical Literature, if this is to be a fair specimen; and as such will most certainly discontinue all advertisements in anywise thereof.

[Camden Journal.]

CORRUPTION IN THE NEW YORK COUNCILS.—Two of the ALDERMEN INDICTED.—The Grand Jury of New York city has indicted for misdemeanor in office Aldermen Smith and Alderman Bard, two of the members sitting on the Bench of the Court to which the indictment was made. The presentment states that many of the witnesses summoned have refused to testify, but enough has been elicited to show that gross and stupendous frauds and willful violations of their official duties have been perpetrated on the part of various members of the Heads of Departments and the Common Councils—every one of whom, it is alleged, could be identified if the witnesses had not refused to testify. They show that a certain piece of city property was sold for \$160,000, for which one person offered \$225,000, and another \$300,000; and it is further alleged that Alderman Sturtevant demanded of a certain party \$2000, and that Alderman Bard received \$500 for certain services as Alderman; that Alderman Smith was paid \$500, and subsequently demanded \$3000 for securing the passage of a certain grant; and that he also agreed for \$200 to suppress resolutions reducing the fees of coroners,

which sum he subsequently received. It is also shown that enormous sums of money have been expended for the procurement of railroad grants in the city, and that towards the procurement of the Eighth avenue railroad grant, a sum so large that would startle the most credulous, was expended; but in consequence of the voluntary absence of important witnesses, the Grand Jury was left without direct testimony of the particular recipients of the different amounts. Various other sums are given as having been paid to Aldermen. The Grand Jury conclude by turning the whole matter over to the Recorder for a full investigation.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WARS OF THE HUGUENOTS.—A Huguenot woman wandered through the streets and reproached the monks with their sins. She would no longer wear anything red, because the legate appeared in clothing of that color. She sang her psalms with a loud voice, and the clergy who tried to stop her, were astonished with her knowledge of the Scriptures; she poured out her aspirations in the most vehement and beautiful prayers; she asserted that she had seen a human figure in the clouds, with a sword in his hand, and that he commanded to tell the Duchess of Montpensier that she ought not to use paint, and the cardinal legate that he ought to make peace. She was one of the most beautiful women in Paris, and closed her career by dying in the hospital.

THE OLD AND NEW SILVER COINS.—The following are the respective weights of the old silver coins and those authorized by the new law:

	Act of 1817.	Act of 1853.
Silver.	4124 grains.	No change.
Dol. ar.	4124 grains.	192 grains.
Hal. Dol.	2062 " "	96 " "
Quarter Dol.	1031 " "	48 " "
Dime.	414 " "	34 " "
Half Dime.	203 " "	19 " "

By the former act the silver coins "shall be legal tenders of payment, according to their nominal value, for all sums whatever." By the new act the new silver coins shall be legal tenders in payment of debts for all sums not exceeding five dollars.

THE "NEW YORK TIMES," a Free Soil paper, is trying to find a selfish motive for the opposition of Southern gentlemen to the annexation of Cuba. And accordingly it attributes the opposition expressed to the comparatively mild condition of slavery in the Island. We quote:

"It is quite natural, therefore, that those who are governed entirely by their hearing upon slavery, should be unwilling to have a State added to the Union, in which the institution exists in so modified a form; while the opponents of slavery may very well favor its accession on account of the influence it would be likely to exert upon the condition of the slaves in the other Southern States. It is known, also, that many of the influential planters of Cuba, are in favor of gradual emancipation: 'Freedom to every child born of slave parents after a given date, and total emancipation to all who survive twenty-five years,' was the spirit of a toast given a year or two since at a dinner of wealthy planters in Havana; and such is believed, by many who are well informed, to be the view of a large portion of the Cubans in whose hands at some future day will rest the destiny of slavery in their native isle."

DEATH OF COL. PICKENS.—The Alabama papers announce the death of Col. Joseph Pickens, late of Entw, in that State, but formerly of South Carolina.

He was born in Hopewell, Pendleton District, South Carolina, on the 20th March, 1791. His father, Gen. Andrew Pickens, was an officer in the Continental army, and served with distinction